

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me fir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Emperors Councillor:
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he means to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcomenewes to you.

Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had bene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will fend him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes § gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy Mistresse.

Val. Leave off discourte of disability:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.

Pro. Seruant, you are welcome to a worthless Mistresse.
Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless. (you.)

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speake with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,

When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

Val. Now tell me: how doal from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.

Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of Loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of Loue:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?
Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principallie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, left the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riual that her Father likes
(Only for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of ielousie.)

Pro. But she loues you?
Val. I, and we are betroath'd: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Willyou make haste?
Pro. I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinks my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too too much,
And that's the reason I loue him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld;
And that hath dazeld my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will;
If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.
Launce. Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am
not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer
vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place,
till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-
come.

Speed. Come on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house
with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence,
thou shalt haue five thousand welcomes: But firha, how
did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Launce. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted
very fairely in iest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?
Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?
Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?
Launce. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?
Launce. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it
stands well with her.

Speed. What an asse are thou, I vnderstand thee not.
Launce. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?
My staffe vnderstands me?

Speed. What thou saist?
Launce. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,
and my staffe vnderstands me.

Speed. It stands vnder thee indeed.
Launce. Why, stand vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, wilt be a match?
Launce. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say
no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it
will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.
Launce. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but
by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist
thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

Launce. I neuer knew him otherwise.
Speed. Then how?

Launce. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to
bee.

Speed. Why, thou wh
Launce. Why Foole,
Master.

Speed. I tell thee, my
Launce. Why, I tell th
himselfe in Loue. If th
house: if not, thou art a
the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?
Launce. Because thou ha
to goe to the Ale with a
Speed. At thy seruice:

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